More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy loade,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries corse.

Enter Glocester.

Glo. Stay you that beare the corse and set it downe.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deedes.
Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S.Paule.
Ile make a corse of him that disobeies.
Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher than my brest,
Or by Saint Paul Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What doe you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,
And mortall eies cannot endure the diuell.
Auaunt thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweete Saint, for Charity be not so curst.
La. Foule Diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Filld it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes.
If thou delight to view thy hainous deedes,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh

Oh gentlemen see, see dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouthes and bleede a fresh.
Blush blush thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhales this bloud,
From cold and empty veines where no bloud dwells.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God which this bloud madest, reuenge his death,
Oh earth which this bloud drinkst, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or earth gape open wide and eate him quicke.
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Lady Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knowes some touch of pitty.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Lady Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the troth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee thou canst make
No excuse currant but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such despaire I should accuse my selfe.
Lad. And by despairing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.